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No. 3

# GRADED POETRY READERS

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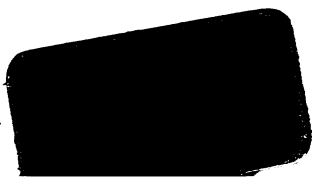
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# GRADED POETRY READERS

THIRD YEAR

EDITED BY

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PRINCIPAL GIRLS' DEPARTMENT PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 6,  
NEW YORK CITY

AND

GEORGIA ALEXANDER

SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



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## INTRODUCTION

POETRY is the chosen language of childhood and youth. The baby repeats words again and again for the mere joy of their sound : the melody of nursery rhymes gives a delight which is quite independent of the meaning of the words. Not until youth approaches maturity is there an equal pleasure in the rounded periods of elegant prose. It is in childhood therefore that the young mind should be stored with poems whose rhythm will be a present delight and whose beautiful thoughts will not lose their charm in later years.

The selections for the lowest grades are addressed primarily to the feeling for verbal beauty, the recognition of which in the mind of the child is fundamental to the plan of this work. The editors have felt that the inclusion of critical notes in these little books intended for elementary school children would be not only superfluous, but, in the degree in which critical comment drew the child's attention from the text, subversive of the desired result. Nor are there any notes on methods. The best way to teach children to love a poem is to read it inspiringly to them. The French say : "The ear is the pathway to the heart." A poem should be so read that it will sing itself in the hearts of the listening children.

In the brief biographies appended to the later books the human element has been brought out. An effort has been made to call attention to the education of the poet and his equipment for his life work rather than to the literary qualities of his style.





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## THIRD YEAR — FIRST HALF

EDWARD LEAR

ENGLAND, 1812-1888

### The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat.  
They took some honey, and plenty of  
money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the moon above, 5  
And sang to a small guitar,  
“ O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —  
You are;  
What a beautiful Pussy you are! ” 10

Pussy said to the Owl, “ You elegant  
fowl!  
How wonderful sweet you sing!

Oh let us be married, — too long we have  
tarried, —

But what shall we do for a ring? ”

They sailed away for a year and a day  
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,  
5 And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood  
With a ring in the end of his nose, —  
His nose ;  
With a ring in the end of his nose.

“ Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one  
shilling

10 Your ring? ” Said the piggy, “ I will.”  
So they took it away, and were married  
next day

By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined upon mince and slices of  
quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
15 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon, —  
The moon ;  
They danced by the light of the moon.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

IRELAND, 1828-1889

## Wishing

Ring ting! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the  
spring!

The stooping bough above me,  
The wandering bee to love me,  
The fern and moss to creep across, 5  
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay, — stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,  
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves  
gay!

The winds would set them dancing,  
The sun and moonshine glance in, 10  
And birds would house among the boughs,  
And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a Robin, —  
A Robin, or a little Wren, everywhere to go,  
Through forest, field, or garden, 15  
And ask no leave or pardon,

Till winter comes with icy thumbs  
To ruffle up our wing!

Well, — tell! where should I fly to,  
Where go sleep in the dark wood or dell?  
5 Before the day was over,  
Home must come the rover,  
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this  
Than any other thing.

---

WILLIAM BLAKE

ENGLAND, 1757-1827

### The Piper

Piping down the valleys wild,  
10 Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me:

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
15 “Piper, pipe that song again.”  
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write      5  
In a book that all may read.”  
So he vanish'd from my sight;  
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stain'd the water clear,      10  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

---

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ENGLAND, 1830-1894

**A Year's Windfalls**

On the wind of January  
Down flits the snow,  
Traveling from the frozen North      15  
As cold as it can blow.



Poor robin redbreast,  
Look where he comes;  
Let him in to feel your fire,  
And toss him of your crumbs.

5 On the wind in February  
Snowflakes float still,  
Half inclined to turn to rain,  
Nipping, dripping, chill.  
Then the thaws swell the streams,  
10 And swollen rivers swell the sea: —  
If the winter ever ends  
How pleasant it will be.

In the wind of windy March  
The catkins drop down,  
15 Curly, caterpillar-like,  
Curious green and brown.  
With concourse of nest-building birds  
And leaf-buds by the way,  
We begin to think of flowers  
20 And life and nuts some day.

With the gusts of April  
Rich fruit-tree blossoms fall,

On the hedged-in orchard-green,  
From the southern wall.

Apple trees and pear trees  
Shed petals white or pink,

Plum trees and peach trees ;  
While sharp showers sink and sink. 5

Little brings the May breeze  
Beside pure scent of flowers,  
While all things wax and nothing wanes  
In lengthening daylight hours. 10

Across the hyacinth beds  
The wind lags warm and sweet,  
Across the hawthorn tops,  
Across the blades of wheat.

In the wind of sunny June 15

Thrives the red rose crop,  
Every day fresh blossoms blow  
While the first leaves drop ;

White rose and yellow rose  
And moss rose choice to find, 20  
And the cottage cabbage rose  
Not one whit behind.

On the blast of scorched July  
Drives the pelting hail,  
From thunderous lightning-clouds, that  
blot

Blue heaven grown lurid-pale.  
5 Weedy waves are tossed ashore,  
Sea-things strange to sight  
Gasp upon the barren shore  
And fade away in light.

In the parching August wind  
10 Cornfields bow the head,  
Sheltered in round valley depths,  
On low hills outspread.  
Early leaves drop loitering down  
Weightless on the breeze,  
15 First fruits of the year's decay  
From the withering trees.

In brisk wind of September  
The heavy-headed fruits  
Shake upon their bending boughs  
20 And drop from the shoots ;

Some glow golden in the sun,  
Some show green and streaked,  
Some set forth a purple bloom,  
Some blush rosy-cheeked.

In strong blast of October 5  
At the equinox,  
Stirred up in his hollow bed  
Broad ocean rocks;  
Plunge the ships on his bosom,  
Leaps and plunges the foam, 10  
It's oh! for mothers' sons at sea,  
That they were safe at home.

In slack wind of November  
The fog forms and shifts;  
All the world comes out again 15  
When the fog lifts.

Loosened from their sapless twigs  
Leaves drop with every gust;  
Drifting, rustling, out of sight  
In the damp or dust. 20

Last of all, December,  
The year's sands nearly run,

Speeds on the shortest day  
Curtails the sun;  
With its bleak raw wind  
Lays the last leaves low,  
5 Brings back the nightly frosts,  
Brings back the snow.

---

MARY HOWITT

ENGLAND, 1804-1888

**The Voice of Spring**

I am coming, I am coming!  
Hark! the little bee is humming;  
See, the lark is soaring high  
10 In the blue and sunny sky;  
And the gnats are on the wing,  
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See, the yellow catkins cover  
All the slender willows over!  
15 And on the banks of mossy green  
Starlike primroses are seen;

And, their clustering leaves below,  
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,  
And the cawing rooks are meeting  
In the elms, — a noisy crowd ;  
All the birds are singing loud ;  
And the first white butterfly  
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee, look around !  
Flowers in all the fields abound ;  
Every running stream is bright ;  
All the orchard trees are white ;  
And each small and waving shoot  
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven :  
God for thee the spring has given,  
Taught the birds their melodies,  
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,  
For thy pleasure or thy food :  
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

THOMAS MILLER

ENGLAND, 1807-1874

## The Spring Walk

We had a pleasant walk to-day  
Over the meadows and far away,  
Across the bridge by the water-mill,  
By the woodside and up the hill ;  
5 And if you listen to what I say,  
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves  
Were peeping from their sheathes so sly,  
We saw four eggs within a nest,  
10 And they were blue as a summer sky.

An elder branch dipped in the brook ;  
We wondered why it moved, and found  
A silken-haired smooth water-rat  
Nibbling, and swimming round and round.

15 Where daisies open'd to the sun,  
In a broad meadow, green and white,

The lambs were racing eagerly —  
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks  
Long rows of golden flowers shine,  
And first mistook for buttercups  
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

5

Anemones and primroses,  
And the blue violets of spring,  
We found, while listening by a hedge  
To hear a merry plowman sing.

10

And from the earth the plow turned up  
There came a sweet, refreshing smell,  
Such as the lily of the vale  
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

And leaning from the old stone bridge,  
Below, we saw our shadows lie;  
And through the gloomy arches watched  
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

15

We heard the speckle-breasted lark.  
As it sang somewhere out of sight,

20



And tried to find it, but the sky  
Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the woods  
And heard the pheasant's wings go  
"whir";

5 And then we saw a squirrel leap  
From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,  
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,  
For all behind the houses lay  
10 The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,  
I'm sure that it would take me hours;  
For the whole landscape was alive  
With bees, and birds, and buds, and  
flowers.

UNKNOWN

**A Spring Lilt**

Through the silver mist  
Of the blossom-spray  
Trill the orioles : list  
To their joyous lay !

“ What in all the world, in all the world,”  
they say, 5  
“ Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so  
sweet as May ? ”

“ June ! June ! June ! ”  
Low croon  
The brown bees in the clover.  
“ Sweet ! sweet ! sweet ! ” 10  
Repeat  
The robins, nested over.

## ALFRED TENNYSON

ENGLAND, 1809-1892

## The Throstle

“Summer is coming, summer is coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it.  
Light again, leaf again, love again.”  
Yes, my wild little Poet.

5 Sing the new year in under the blue.  
Last year you sang it as gladly.  
“New, new, new, new!” Is it then *so* new  
That you should carol so madly?

“Love again, song again, nest again, young  
again.”

10 Never a prophet so crazy!  
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,  
See, there is hardly a daisy.

“Here again, here, here, here, happy year!”  
O warble, unhidden, unbidden!

15 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,  
And all the winters are hidden.

JANE TAYLOR

ENGLAND, 1783-1824

**The Violet**

Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew,  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colors bright and fair!  
It might have graced a rosy bower  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom  
In modest tints arrayed;  
And there diffused its sweet perfume  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

SARAH ROBERTS BOYLE

AMERICA, 1812-1869

## The Voice of the Grass

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where ;

By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hillside,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
5 In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;  
All around the open door,  
Where sit the aged poor ;  
10 Here where the children play,  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where ;  
In the noisy city street  
15 My pleasant face you'll meet,

Cheering the sick at heart  
Toiling his busy part, —  
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where ;

You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where; 10

More welcome than the flowers  
In summer's pleasant hours ;  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere. 15

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where ;

My humble song of praise  
Most joyfully I raise

To him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

---

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

AMERICA, 1860-

**The Four Winds**

In winter, when the wind I hear,  
5 I know the clouds will disappear ;  
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky  
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know  
That soon the crocus buds will show ;  
10 For 'tis the wind who bids them wake  
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,  
Soon red I know will be the rose ;  
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks,  
15 And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,  
I know the acorn's out its cup ;  
For 'tis the wind who takes it out,  
And plants an oak somewhere about.

---

LUCY LARCOM

AMERICA, 1826-1893

The Violet

Dear little violet, 5  
Don't be afraid !  
Lift your blue eyes  
From the rock's mossy shade.

All the birds call for you,  
Out of the sky ; 10  
May is here waiting,  
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,  
Violet, sweet ?  
Soft is the meadow grass, 15  
Under my feet.



Wrapped in your hood of green,  
Violet, why  
Peep from your earth door,  
So silent and shy?

---

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

AMERICA, 1880-

Pebbles

5 Out of a pellucid brook  
Pebbles round and smooth I took :  
Like a jewel every one  
Caught a color from the sun, —  
Ruby red and sapphire blue,  
10 Emerald and onyx too,  
Diamond and amethyst, —  
Not a precious stone I missed :  
Gems I held from every land  
In the hollow of my hand.  
15 Workman Water these had made  
Patiently through sun and shade,  
With the ripples of the rill  
He had polished them until,

Smooth, symmetrical, and bright,  
Each one sparkling in the light  
Showered within its burning heart  
All the lapidary's art ;  
And the brook seemed thus to sing :  
Patience conquers everything !

---

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN

NORWAY, 1832-

The Tree

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting  
their brown ;

" Shall I take them away ? " said the  
Frost, sweeping down.

" No, leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown," 10

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from  
rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the  
birds sung ;

"Shall I take them away?" said the  
Wind, as he swung.

"No, leave them alone  
Till the berries have grown,"  
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering  
hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsum-  
mer glow ;

Said the girl : " May I gather thy berries  
now ? "

" Yes, all thou canst see :  
Take them ; all are for thee,"  
Said the Tree, while he bent down his  
laden boughs low.

---

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

AMERICA, 1860-

September

10 Here's a lyric for September,  
Best of all months to remember ;

Month when summer breezes tell  
What has happened, wood and dell,  
Of the joy the year has brought,  
And the changes she has wrought.  
She has turned the verdure red ; 5  
In the blue sky overhead,  
She the harvest moon has hung,  
Like a silver boat among  
Shoals of stars — bright jewels set  
In the earth's blue coronet ; 10  
She has brought the orchard's fruit  
To repay the robin's flute  
Which has gladdened half the year  
With a music liquid, clear ;  
And she makes the meadow grass 15  
Catch the sunbeams as they pass,  
Till the autumn's floor is rolled  
With a fragrant cloth of gold.

## CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

ENGLAND, 1830-1894

## The Swallow

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,  
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done.  
Come again, come again, come back to me,  
Bringing the summer, and bringing the  
sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the  
5 sea,  
Then we are certain that winter is past;  
Cloudy and cold though your pathway  
may be,  
Summer and sunshine will follow you  
fast.

---

## LYDIA MARIA CHILD

AMERICA, 1802-1880

## Thanksgiving Day

Over the river and through the wood,  
10 To grandfather's house we go;


The horse knows the way  
To carry the sleigh  
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —  
Oh, how the wind does blow ! 5  
It stings the toes  
And bites the nose,  
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,  
To have a first-rate play ; 10  
Hear the bells ring,  
“Ting-a-ling-ding !”  
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day !

Over the river and through the wood,  
Trot fast, my dapple-gray ! 15  
Spring over the ground,  
Like a hunting hound !  
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,  
And straight through the barn-yard  
gate. 20



We seem to go  
Extremely slow —  
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood —  
5 Now grandmother's cap I spy!  
Hurrah for the fun!  
Is the pudding done?  
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

---

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AMERICA, 1807-1882

Hiawatha's Childhood

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
10 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
15 Rose the firs with cones upon them;  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,

Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.  
 There the wrinkled old Nokomis  
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes, 5  
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
 "Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"  
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
 "Ewa-yea! my little owlet! 10  
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"  
 Many things Nokomis taught him  
 Of the stars that shine in heaven; 15  
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;  
 Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,  
 Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
 Flaring far away to northward 20  
 In the frosty nights of Winter;  
 Showed the broad white road in heaven,  
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,



- Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.  
At the door on summer evenings,  
Sat the little Hiawatha ;  
5 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;  
“ Minne-wawa ! ” said the pine-trees,  
“ Mudway-aushka ! ” said the water.  
10 Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.  
And he sang the song of children,  
15 Sang the song Nokomis taught him :  
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
20 Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! ”  
Saw the moon rise from the water,  
Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"  
 And the good Nokomis answered:  
 "Once a warrior, very angry,  
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her 5  
 Up into the sky at midnight;  
 Right against the moon he threw her;  
 'Tis her body that you see there."  
 Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
 In the eastern sky the rainbow, 10  
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"  
 And the good Nokomis answered:  
 "'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:  
 All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
 All the lilies of the prairie, 15  
 When on earth they fade and perish,  
 Blossom in that heaven above us."  
 When he heard the owls at midnight,  
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
 "What is that?" he cried in terror; 20  
 "What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"  
 And the good Nokomis answered:  
 "That is but the owl and owlet,

Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha

Learned of every bird its language,

5 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in summer,  
Where they hid themselves in winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

10 Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,

15 Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AMERICA, 1807-1882

**Hiawatha's Sailing**

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree! 10  
Lay aside your white skin wrapper,  
For the summer time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha 15  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gaily,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing.

And the Sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
5 Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
10 Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
15 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"  
20 Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,

“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together. 5

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter, 10  
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch with all its fibers,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow, 15  
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibers,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework. 20

“Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together

That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me! ”

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
5 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha! ”

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,  
10 Seamed therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
15 Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom! ”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
20 Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,

All the little shining arrows,  
 Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
 With the juice of roots and berries ;  
 Into his canoe he wrought them,  
 Round its waist a shining girdle, 5  
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
 On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,  
 In the valley, by the river,  
 In the bosom of the forest ; 10  
 And the forest's life was in it,  
 All its mystery and its magic,  
 All the lightness of the birch tree,  
 All the toughness of the cedar,  
 All the larch's supple sinews ; 15  
 And it floated on the river  
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
 Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
 Paddles none he had or needed, 20  
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
 And his wishes served to guide him ;  
 Swift or slow at will he glided,  
 Veered to right or left at pleasure.



SABINE BARING-GOULD

ENGLAND, 1834-

## Child's Evening Prayer

Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

5

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

10

Through the long night-watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

15

When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

# THIRD YEAR — SECOND HALF

## Old English Song

### I

Upon a time I chanced  
 To walk along the green,  
 Where pretty lasses danced  
 In strife to choose a queen.  
 Some homely dressed, some handsome, &  
 Some pretty and some gay,  
 But who excelled in dancing  
 Must be the Queen of May!

### II

From morning till the evening  
 Their controversy held ; 10  
 And I as judge stood gazing on  
 To crown her that excelled.  
 At last when Phœbus's steeds  
 Had drawn their wain away,  
 We found and crown'd a damsel 15  
 To be the Queen of May.

## III

Full well her nature from  
Her face I did admire:  
Her habit well became her  
Although in poor attire ;  
5 Her carriage was as good  
As any seen that day,  
And she was justly chosen  
To be the Queen of May.

## IV

Then all the rest in sorrow,  
10 And she in sweet content,  
Gave over till the morrow,  
And homewards straight they went ;  
But she of all the rest  
Was hindered by the way,  
15 For every youth that met her  
Must kiss the Queen of May.

ROBERT HERRICK

ENGLAND, 1591-1634

*Corinna going a-Maying*

Get up, get up, for shame the blooming  
morn

Upon her wings presents the gods un-  
shorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair,  
Fresh-quilted colors through the air;  
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see     5  
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bowed toward  
the East

Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,  
Nay not so much as out of bed,  
When all the birds have matins said, 10  
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis  
sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in,  
When as a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in  
May.

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming,  
mark

How each field turns a street—each  
street a park,

Made green and trimmed with trees!  
see how

Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch! each porch, each door,  
ere this

5

An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,  
As if he were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street

10

And open fields, and we not see't?

Come we'll abroad, and let's obey

The proclamation made for May.

And sin no more, as we have done, by  
staying,

But, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying.

JOHN KEATS

ENGLAND, 1795-1821

**Sweet Peas**

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate  
    white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
Linger awhile upon some bending planks,  
That lean against a streamlet's rushy  
    banks,  
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings,  
They will be found softer than ringdove's  
    cooings.  
How silent comes the water round that  
    bend !  
Not the minutest whisper does it send     10  
To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of  
    grass  
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

AMERICA, 1862-

## The Bluebird

I know the song that the bluebird is  
singing,

Out in the apple-tree where he is swing-  
ing:

Brave little fellow! the skies may be  
dreary:

Nothing cares he while his heart is so  
cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his  
5 throat—

Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's  
saying,

Up in the apple-tree, swinging and sway-  
ing.

“Dear little blossoms, down under the  
snow,

10 You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark while I sing you a message of cheer—  
*Summer* is coming! and *spring-time* is  
 here!

“Little white snowdrop! I pray you,  
 arise;  
 Bright yellow crocus! come, open your  
 eyes;  
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,     5  
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold:  
 Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—  
*Summer* is coming! and *spring-time* is  
 here!”

---

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850–1894

Where go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,  
 Golden is the sand,  
 It flows along forever,  
 With trees on either hand.



Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating —  
Where will all come home?

5 On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.  
  
Away down the river,  
10 A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

---

CHARLES LAMB, MARY LAMB

ENGLAND, 1775-1834, ENGLAND, 1764-1847

**The Magpie's Nest**

When the arts in their infancy were,  
In a fable of old 'tis expressed  
15 A wise magpie constructed that rare  
Little house for young birds, called a  
nest.

This was talked of the whole country  
round ;

You might hear it on every bough sung ;  
“ Now no longer upon the rough ground  
Will fond mothers brood over their  
young :

“ For the magpie with exquisite skill        8  
Has invented a moss-covered cell  
Within which a whole family will  
In the utmost security dwell.”

To her mate did each female bird say :  
“ Let us fly to the magpie, my dear ;        10  
If she will but teach us the way,  
A nest we will build us up here.

“ It's a thing that's close arched overhead,  
With a hole made to creep out and in ;  
We, my bird, might make just such a bed 15  
If we only knew how to begin.”

To the magpie soon all the birds went,  
And in modest terms made their request,

That she would be pleased to consent  
To teach them to build up a nest.

She replied : " I will show you the way,  
So observe everything that I do :  
5 First, two sticks 'cross each other I lay —"  
" To be sure," said the crow, " why I  
knew

" It must be begun with two sticks,  
And I thought that they crossed should  
be."

Said the pie, " Then some straw and moss  
mix

10 In the way you now see done by me."

" Oh, yes, certainly," said the jackdaw,  
" That must follow, of course, I have  
thought ;

Though I never before building saw,  
I guessed that, without being taught."

" More moss, more straw, and feathers, I  
15 place

In this manner," continued the pie.

“ Yes, no doubt, madam, that is the case ;  
Though no builder myself, so thought I.”

Whatever she taught them beside,  
In his turn every bird of them said,  
Though the nest-making art he ne’er tried, <sup>s</sup>  
He had just such a thought in his head.

Still the pie went on showing her art,  
Till the nest she had built up halfway ;  
She no more of her skill would impart,  
But in her anger went fluttering away. <sup>10</sup>

And this speech in their hearing she made,  
As she perched o’er their heads on a  
tree :

“ If ye all were well skilled in my trade,  
Pray, why came ye to learn it of me ? ”

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT .

AMERICA, 1794-1878

## The Painted Cup

The fresh savannas of the Sangamon  
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long  
grass

Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet  
tufts

Are glowing in the green, like flakes of  
fire.

The wanderers of the prairie know them  
5 well,

And call that brilliant flower the Painted-  
Cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not,  
That these bright chalices were tinted thus  
To hold the dew for fairies, when they  
meet

On moonlight evenings in the hazel  
10 bowers,

And dance till they are thirsty; call not  
up

Amid this fresh and virgin solitude  
The faded fancies of an elder world,  
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted  
moths

Of June, and glistening flies, and humming  
birds

To drink from, when on all these countless  
lawns

5

The morning sun looks hot.

---

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ENGLAND, 1564-1616

*"Over Hill, Over Dale"*

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire.  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moone's sphere.  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green ;

10

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,  
In their gold coats spots you see, —  
Those be rubies, Fairy favors :  
In those freckles live their savors.  
5 I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

---

MARY HOWITT

ENGLAND, 1804-1888

The Fairies of the Caldon-Low

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND

“ And where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me ? ”  
“ I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,  
10 The midsummer night to see ! ”

“ And what did you see, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Low ? ”  
“ I saw the blithe sunshine come down,  
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon Hill? ”

“ I heard the drops the water made,  
And I heard the corn-ears fill.”


“ Oh, tell me all, my Mary — 5  
All, all that ever you know ;  
For you must have seen the fairies  
Last night on the Caldon-Low.”

“ Then take me on your knee, mother,  
And listen, mother of mine : 10  
A hundred fairies danced last night,  
And the harpers they were nine ;

“ And merry was the glee of the harp-  
strings,  
And their dancing feet so small ;  
But, oh ! the sound of their talking 15  
Was merrier far than all ! ”

“ And what were the words, my Mary,  
That you did hear them say ? ”

“ I'll tell you all, my mother,  
But let me have my way. 20





“ And some they played with the water,  
And rolled it down the hill ;  
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ shall speedily turn  
The poor old miller’s mill ;

5 “ ‘ For there has been no water  
Ever since the first of May ;  
And a busy man shall the miller be  
By the dawning of the day !

“ ‘ Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,  
10 When he sees the mill-dam rise !  
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh  
Till the tears fill both his eyes ! ’

“ And some they seized the little winds,  
That sounded over the hill,  
15 And each put a horn into his mouth,  
And blew so sharp and shrill :

“ ‘ And there,’ said they, ‘ the merry winds  
go  
Away from every horn ;  
And those shall clear the mildew dank  
20 From the blind old widow’s corn :

“ ‘ Oh, the poor blind widow —  
Though she has been blind so long,  
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s  
gone,  
And the corn stands stiff and strong!’ ”

“ And some they brought the brown  
linseed, 5  
And flung it down from the Low :  
‘ And this,’ said they, ‘ by the sunrise,  
In the weaver’s croft shall grow !’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, the poor lame weaver !  
How he will laugh outright 10  
When he sees his dwindling flax-field  
All full of flowers by night !’ ”

“ And then up spoke a brownie,  
With a long beard on his chin :  
‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he, 15  
‘ And I want some more to spin.’ ”

“ ‘ I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,  
And I want to spin another — ”

A little sheet for Mary's bed,  
And an apron for her mother.'

"And with that I could not help but  
laugh,  
And I laughed out loud and free;  
5 And then on top of the Caldun-Low  
There was no one left but me.

"And all on top of the Caldun-Low  
The mists were cold and gray,  
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones  
10 That round about me lay.

"But, as I came down from the hill-top,  
I heard, afar below,  
How busy the jolly miller was,  
And how merry the wheel did go.

15 "And I peeped into the widow's field,  
And sure enough were seen  
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn  
All standing stiff and green!

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,  
To see if the flax were high ;  
But I saw the weaver at his gate,  
With the good news in his eye !

“ Now this is all I heard, mother, 5  
And all that I did see ;  
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,  
For I’m tired as I can be ! ”

---

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

ENGLAND, 1793–1835

*Night-scented Flowers*

“ Call back your odors, lonely flowers,  
From the night-wind call them back ; 10  
And fold your leaves till the laughing  
hours  
Come forth in the sunbeam’s track.

“ The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,  
And the honey-bee is gone,  
And all bright things are away to rest ; 15  
Why watch ye here alone ? ”

“Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom  
When the stars give quiet light,  
And let us offer our faint perfume  
On the silent shrine of night.

5 “Call it not wasted, the scent we lend  
To the breeze when no step is nigh:  
Oh! thus forever the earth should send  
Her grateful breath on high!

“And love us as emblems, night’s dewy  
flowers,  
10 Of hopes unto sorrow given,  
That spring through the gloom of the  
darkest hours,  
Looking alone to heaven.”

---

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

AMERICA, 1807-1892

Indian Summer

From gold to gray  
Our mild, sweet day  
15 Of Indian summer fades too soon;

But tenderly  
Above the sea  
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire  
The village spire 5  
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;  
The painted walls  
Whereon it falls  
Transfigured stand in marble trance.

---

ALICE CARY

AMERICA, 1820-1871

**November**

The leaves are fading and falling, 10  
The winds are rough and wild,  
The birds have ceased their calling,  
But let me tell you, my child,  
Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow, 15  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail will come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.

5 The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest wayside blossoms  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,  
10 The brooks are all dry and dumb,  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,  
And winds and rains so wild ;  
15 Not all good things together  
Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
20 Are kept alive in the snow.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

**The Frost Spirit**

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes! You may trace his footsteps  
now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields  
and the brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old  
trees where their pleasant green came  
forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever  
he goes, have shaken them down to  
earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes!—from the frozen Labra-  
dor,—

5

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas,  
which the white bear wanders o'er,—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with  
ice, and the luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night  
into marble statues grow!



He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit  
comes! — on the rushing Northern  
blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have  
bowed as his fearful breath went  
past.

With an unscorched wing he has hurried  
on, where the fires of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and  
the ancient ice below.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit  
comes! — and the quiet lake shall  
5 feel

The torpid touch of his glazing breath,  
and ring to the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the  
broken rocks, or sang to the leaning  
grass,

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and  
in mournful silence pass.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit  
comes! — let us meet him as we may,

And turn with the light of the parlor-fire  
his evil power away ;  
And gather closer the circle round, when  
that firelight dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled  
Fiend as his sounding wing goes by !

---

ALFRED TENNYSON

ENGLAND, 1809-1892

## The Owl

## I

When cats run home and the light is come  
And the dew is cold upon the ground, 5  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round ;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits. 10

## II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,

And the cock hath sung beneath the  
thatch

Twice or thrice his roundelay,

Twice or thrice his roundelay ;

Alone and warming his five wits,

5 The white owl in the belfry sits.

---

GEORGE MACDONALD

SCOTLAND, 1824—

**The Wind and the Moon**

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow  
you out.

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

10 Always looking what I am about ;

I hate to be watched ; I will blow you  
out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the  
Moon.

So, deep,

On a heap  
Of clouds, to sleep,  
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—  
Muttering low, “I’ve done for that Moon.”

He turned in his bed; she was there  
again! 5

On high  
In the sky,  
With her one ghost eye,  
The Moon shone white and alive and  
plain.  
Said the Wind — “I will blow you out  
again.” 10

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew  
dim.

“With my sledge  
And my wedge  
I have knocked off her edge!  
If only I blow right fierce and grim, 15  
The creature will soon be dimmer than  
dim.”

He blew and blew, and she thinned to a  
thread.

“ One puff  
More’s enough

To blow her to snuff !

One good puff more where the last was  
5 bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the  
thread ! ”

He blew a great blast and the thread was  
gone ;

In the air

Nowhere

10 Was a moonbeam bare ;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone ;  
Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;  
On down

15 In town,

Like a merry mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and  
roar,

“What’s that?” The glimmering thread  
once more !

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;  
But in vain  
Was the pain  
Of his bursting brain ; 5  
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,  
The broader he swelled his big cheeks  
and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,  
And shone  
On her throne 10  
In the sky alone,  
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the  
Night.

Said the Wind — “What a marvel of  
power am I!  
With my breath, 15  
Good faith !  
I blew her to death —

First blew her away right out of the sky—  
Then blew her in ; what a strength am  
I ! ”

But the Moon she knew nothing about  
the affair,  
For, high  
In the sky,  
With her one white eye,  
Motionless, miles above the air,  
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

---

JAMES T. FIELDS

AMERICA, 1817-1881

The Tempest

We were crowded in the cabin,  
10 Not a soul would dare to sleep, —  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered in the blast,

And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, —  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring, 5  
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers, —  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs. 10

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Is not God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden, 15  
And we spoke in better cheer;  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.



CLEMENT C. MOORE

AMERICA, 1779-1863

## A Visit from St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when  
all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse ;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
there ;  
The children were nestled all snug in  
s their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in  
their heads ;  
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my  
cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long  
winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was  
the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the  
sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen  
snow,

Gave a luster of midday to objects below ;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny  
reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and  
quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they  
came,

10

And he whistled, and shouted, and called  
them by name :

“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now,  
Prancer and Vixen !

On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and  
Blitzen —

To the top of the porch, to the top of the  
wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away,  
all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurri-  
cane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount  
to the sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they  
5 flew,

With the sleigh full of toys—and St.  
Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the  
roof

The prancing and pawing of each little  
hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning  
around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came  
10 with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head  
to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with  
ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his  
back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening  
his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples  
how merry !

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like  
a cherry ;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like  
a bow, 5

And the beard on his chin was as white  
as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like  
a wreath ;

He had a broad face and a little round  
belly

That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl  
full of jelly. 10

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly  
old elf ;

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite  
of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his  
head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to  
dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight  
to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned  
with a jerk,

5 And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave  
a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of  
a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove  
out of sight,

10 “Happy Christmas to all, and to all a  
good night!”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ENGLAND, 1770-1850

Lucy Gray

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray ;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor, —  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

5

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

10

“To-night will be a stormy night —  
You to the town must go :  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

15

“That, father, will I gladly do :  
    ’Tis scarcely afternoon —  
The minster-clock has just struck two ;  
    And yonder is the moon.”

5 At this the father raised his hook,  
    And snapped a fagot-band ;  
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took  
    The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
10 With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
    That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,  
    She wandered up and down ;  
15 And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
    But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
    Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
20 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor ;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried, 5  
“ In heaven we all shall meet ! ”  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge  
They tracked the footmarks small ; 10  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the low stone wall :

And then an open field they crossed ;  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ; 15  
And to the bridge they came.

They follow from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ;  
And further there were none ! 20



— Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

5 O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

---

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY RANDS

ENGLAND, 1823-1880

**The Wonderful World**

Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world,  
10 With the beautiful water about you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—  
World, you are beautifully dressed !

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the  
tree ;  
15 It walks on the water and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth, how far do you go,  
With wheat fields that nod, and rivers that  
    flow,  
And cities and gardens, and oceans and  
    isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of  
    miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,   s  
I hardly can think of you, world, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper within me seemed to say:  
“You are more than the earth, though  
    you’re such a dot;  
You can love and think, and the world  
    cannot.”

10

---

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ENGLAND, 1770-1850

To a Child

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

Small service is true service while it lasts.  
Of humblest friends, bright creature!  
    scorn not one:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from  
the sun.

---

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ENGLAND, 1830-1894

Consider

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is  
brief:

5 We are as they;  
Like them we fade away,  
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:

10 Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount,—  
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,

15 Yet are most fair:  
What profits all this care  
And all this toil?

Consider  
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-  
weeks;  
God gives them food :  
Much more our Father seeks  
To do us good. 5

---

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SCOTLAND, 1771-1832

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a  
knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;  
The woods and the glens from the tower  
which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.  
  
Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it  
blows, 10  
It calls but the warders that guard thy  
repose ;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades  
would be red,

Ere the step of a foeman draws near to  
thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the time will  
soon come,

When thy sleep shall be broken by trum-  
pet and drum ;

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest  
while you may,

5 For strife comes with manhood, and wak-  
ing with day.

---

EUGENE FIELD

AMERICA, 1850-1895

Dutch Lullaby<sup>1</sup>

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe —

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

10 “ Where are you going, and what do you  
wish ? ”

The old moon asked the three.

“ We have come to fish for the herring fish

<sup>1</sup> From “Poems of Childhood,” published by Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

That live in this beautiful sea ;  
Nets of silver and gold have we ! ”

Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

5

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish 10  
That lived in that beautiful sea —

“ Now cast your nets wherever you wish —  
Never afeard are we ” ;

So cried the stars to the fishermen three :

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

15

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam —  
Then down from the skies came the  
wooden shoe,

20

Bringing the fishermen home ;

'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream  
they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea —  
5 But I shall name you the fishermen  
three :  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes :  
10 And Nod is a little head;  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
15 And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen  
three :  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

AMERICA, 1850-1895

**The Night Wind<sup>1</sup>**

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooo"?

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear.

'Tis the voice of the night that broods  
outside

5

When folks should be asleep,

And many and many's the time I've cried

To the darkness brooding far and wide

Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

10

That you wail the long hours through?"

And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!"

15

My mother told me long ago

(When I was a little lad)

<sup>1</sup> From "Poems of Childhood," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.



That when the wind went wailing so  
Somebody had been bad ;  
And then, when I was snug in bed,  
Whither I had been sent,  
5 With the blankets pulled up round my head,  
I'd think of what my mother'd said,  
And wonder what boy she meant !  
And " Who's been bad to-day ? " I'd ask  
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,  
10 And the voice would say in its meaning-  
ful way :

" Yooooooooo !  
Yooooooooo !  
Yooooooooo ! "

That this was true I must allow —  
15 You'll not believe it, though !  
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,  
I was not always so.  
And if you doubt what things I say,  
Suppose you make the test ;  
20 Suppose, when you've been bad some day  
And up to bed are sent away  
From mother and the rest —

Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"  
And then you'll hear what's true;  
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest  
tone:

"Yooooooooo!"

Yooooooooo!

5

Yooooooooo!"

---

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AMERICA, 1853

**Little Orphant Annie<sup>1</sup>**

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house  
to stay,  
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an'  
brush the crumbs away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an'  
dust the hearth, an' sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an'  
earn her board-an'-keep; 10  
An' all us other children, when the supper  
things is done,

<sup>1</sup> From "Afterwhiles," copyright 1898, used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the  
mostest fun

A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells  
about,

An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

5

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say  
his pray'rs —

An' when he went to bed 'at night, away  
up stairs,

10 His mammy heerd him holler, an' his  
daddy heerd him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he  
wasn't there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room,  
an' cubby-hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an'  
ever'wheres, I guess,

But all they ever found was thist his pants  
an' round-about!

An' the gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

5

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh  
an' grin,

An' make fun of ever' one an' all her  
blood-an'-kin,

An' onc't when they was "company," an'  
ole folks was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said  
she didn't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'  
turn't to run an' hide,

10

They was two great big Black Things a-  
standin' by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin'  
'fore she know'd what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

15

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the  
blaze is blue,  
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind  
goes woo-oo!  
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the  
moon is gray,  
An' the lightin'-bugs in dew is all  
squenched away —  
° You better mind yer parents, an' yer  
teachers fond an' dear,  
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry  
the orphant's tear,  
An' help the pore an' needy ones 'at  
clusters all about,  
Er the gobble-uns'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!





